

A CORNER IN CHINATOWN.

A TRIP TO CHINATOWN

Where the Moon-Eyed Mongolians Make Their Headquarters.

DINNER SERVED IN ORIENTAL STYLE

Not All the Members of the Colony Are Laundrymen.

SUCCESSFUL MERCHANTS

Written for The Evening Star



are scores, are scattered all over the city, but the real Chinese quarter, where the stores and restaurants are. where the natives spend their Sundays and holidays, and where the real Chinese life is to be found, occupies only a small neok in this big city. The territory which they have made their

own includes some half a dozen buildings on the south side of Pennsylvania avenue between 3d and 4½ streets, together with a row of old brick houses on the west side of 41/2 street just below the avenue. But in these limited quarters scores of Chinese live, while two or three times as many again come here to seek amusement and recreation, and to sit and smoke a pipe among their countrymen when they have The stores of the Chinese morehants, of

which there are a number, are, with one exception, all to be found on Pennsylvania avenue. These are mostly rather dingylooking structures from the outside. The stores are naturally on the ground floors, while in the rooms above the Chinese live, many within a very small compass, as in their native land. On entering one of them you will probably find the room filled with smoke and redolent with the odor of tobacco and Chinese incense, while anywhere from two to a dozen celestials will be seated picturesquely about the room on boxes and barrels, smoking their long pipes and chattering like magness. But pipes and chattering like magples. But the moment you step in the company which has just been talking to heat a women's sewing circle will drop into a sphinx-like silence, from which your utmost persuasiveness and amiability will scarcely coax

A Chinese store is a study in curious articles and odors, and as good as a trip to a museum. There are certain articles always to be found there-certain unfailing ear marks. For one thing one always sees an abacus on the counter, which the Chinese are brought up to depend upon in all kinds of counting and calculating. Then there is a tex pot somewhere in the room with some small china cups about it. The tea pot is replenished many times a day with fresh test, and from it the storekeep-ers and their visiting friends are constantly regaling themselves. On the walls Chinese signs and more rarely Chinese pictures are to be seen, while the shelves are stocked with tens of various sorts, candy made with gum and covered with fine seeds, preserved fruits grown only in China, such "China Lychees" and "Ramboo Shoot" beverages put up in the flowery kinglom, and various other articles for the native

I asked the man in charge of one of the stores if his wares were bought in China.
"Naw-naw," said he, failing to grasp the point: "we no buy-we seil-what yuh

Do many people live in this house?" I inquired, seeking to change the subject.
"Yeh, China people live here. You no speak China. Boss he away-gone all day." Yuh talk to him. He talk English very nice-much more nicer than me."

A Chinese Restaurant.

One of the interesting things which I visited in the Chinese quarter was one of their restaurants. The meal hours at a Chinese restaurant are somewhat different from those to which most people are accustomed. Except where business necessitates it the Chinese do not rise in the morning before about 10 o'clock, and breakfast the neighborhood of 11. Dinner comes



last meal of the day occurs not far from midnight. The Chinese do not usually re-tire until 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, and spend the greater part of the night at their work or amusement, as the case may be.
In the kitchen I found several Chinese men and one Chinese woman busy prepar-ing the dinner, which certainly looked inbig brick range a chicken everal small wild fowl were roastin on a spit, while some vegetables were boll-ing on the back of the stove. Quite reassured, I entered the dining room and sat down at one of the tables. Occident and Orient both entered into the decorations of the room. A Chinese calendar was hung next to a campaign picture of McKinley next to a campaign picture of McKinley and mules outside, bundles his "labor and Hobart, while beneath some Chinese and drives his bargain home.

panel pictures was that advance agent of fin-de-siecle civilization—the bicycle. Signs doubtless setting forth the culinary at-tractions of the palace adorned the walls. There were a few in English for the benefit of the occasional Caucasian who strays in. such as "Chicken Chop Suey. 75c." "Fish Chop Suey. 50c.," or merely "Chop Suey. 25c."

The typical dish, however, seems to be

The typical dish, however, seems to be Yet-Omee. This has the advantage of being cheap, and at the same time really appetizing. The basis of this dish consists of a kind of noodles through which pieces of brolled chicken, fried ham and lettuce are scattered. It is served in a bowl and come by putting the mouth down close eaten by putting the mouth down close to the edge of the bowl, drawing up a string of the noodles with chop sticks, and sucking the mixture in with an amount of noise and disturbance usually discouraged by the books on etiquette in this country.

Right From Cornell.

At another table sat an elderly oriental dressed not in the ordinary street costume, but in a rich light blue cloak and a black fez. He was apparently entertaining two young men of his own race who were spending the holidays in Washington. They conversed with me on the weather and other polite topics, and said that they were students at Cornell University. Both were dressed in the most stylish attire, with brown fedoras, silver-mounted canes, gold eyeglasses and link cult buttons.

The row of houses on the street where the The row of houses on 4½ street where the Chinese live are in a somewhat dilapidated state, especially inside. One of the

front rooms presented a peculiar spectacle of untidiness. A pile of coal had been dumped in the center of the floor, and one corner of the room was filled with ashes, while cooking utensils, unwashed dishes, food and clothing were strewn about the place in every which way. In general, however, the living rooms of the Chinese were clean and orderly. This is the more remarkable when one stops to think that remarkable when one stops to think that there are practically no women to shoulder

the household responsibilities.

No sketch of the Chinese would be complete without some mention of the Chinese



A Young Celestial.

Sunday schools. There are flourishing and well-organized Chinese Sunday schools maintained by the Calvary Baptist, the Ascension P. E. and the Metropolitan M. E. churches of this city, in which a hun-dred or more scholars have become inter-ested. Of these the one at the Metropolitan Church, which is scarcely more than a stone's throw from the Chinese quarter, draws the most students. Here also they have the benefit of a Chinese interpreter, Mrs. V. D. Collins, who was a missionary in China, and is much interested in the Chinese work here.

Their Day Off.

Sunday is the free day of the Chinese. The landrymen close their laundries in the morning and go down town for the day, taking dinner in the quarter, and spending the afternoon among their brethren or by attending one or more of the Sunday schools. Some of them attend all three, as they are held at different hours during the

afternoon and evening.
Like all their countrymen, the Chinese in this city work hard and spend little. They are very fond of fish, poultry and perk and buy the best of these at the markets for

Aside from the few who are engaged as merchants, most of the Chinese are, of course, laundrymen. It takes very little capital to start a laundry, and since the formation of the Chop Hing Tong Laundry Association the profits have been very materially increased. It is perhaps not generally known that, although the Chinese do all their ironing, they frequently hire col-ored women to do the washing for their laundries. Besides the vast army of launlrymen, there are a few employed A Chinese cook is in charge at Fort Myer, and Mrs. Hearst also had a couple of Chinese cooks, while there are doubtless others employed in the same way in this city. If the Chinese have their vices, they also have their virtues. Two of their most thoroughly appreciated characteristics are paying their bills and abstairing from strong drink. There is never any trouble about collecting rent among the Chinese laundry-men. It is a point of honor or custom, it matters little which, for the other laundry-men to settle for the rent if one of their number is unable to keep up his business. On Sundays the merchants down town usually spend the afternoon going over their nts and settling their bills, and all

Cape Town's Slave Market.

outstanding bills must

year before New Year day.

be settled every

From the London Chronicle. The "slave mart," judging from an article that appears in the last number to hand of the Cape Times, appears to be definitely established in Cape Town. The slaves, of course, are the Bechuana prisoners, and, although there is no suggestion that these wretched creatures are treated with harshness while in the government care, they are clearly considered and disposed of precisely as if they were bales of goods or cattle. Careful watch and ward are kept over them, and the writer says that "it is not easy to pass the strict guard at the gate unless you are a farmer, coming to pick your labor. * * * Round three sides of the square court yard men and women are squatting impassively, or standing chattering in knots. They are ill-clad and exceedingly ill-favored, but not ill-nourished, like the first batch of skeletons that came to town. A child here and there is even bonny. There is no very obvious dejection. The nearest to it is a moody, passive look."

The farners, too, quite enter into the spirit of the "slave mart." They go round the market, scanning the men, and "sorting out those of the largest size," as did ing out those of the largest size," as did the walrus and the carpenter with the oysters. The natives cast expressionless sidelong glances at their possible masters while they are being appraised like goods in a store. Having selected one or two from a group, the farmer is chagrined at being told by a harried official, "We cannot break this lot for you" as the being told by a harried official, "we cannot break this lot for you," as if the knot of negroes were a dinner service or a suite of bed room furniture. Back goes the farmer and looks the natives up and down again, and at length decides to "take them."
When the natives are duly indentured for five years their master unhitches his cart

ARE DECADENTS ALL

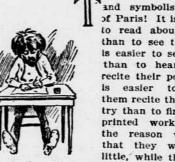
Freak Poets Who Talk a Deal More Than They Write.

FRENCH CAPITAL IS FULL OF THEM

The School Founded by Verlaine Has Countless Followers.

PUBLISH THEIR OWN VERSES

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star. PARIS, December 31, 1898.



and symbolist poets of Paris! It is easier to read about them than to see them; it is easier to see them than to hear them recite their poetry; it is easier to hear them recite their poetry than to find their printed works; and the reason why is that they write so little, while they talk so much. Thus it is easier to describe them than to define them.

HE DECADENT

What is a "decadent" poet? To every one outside of France the name has come to be applied to those young poets who are better known for their eccentricity than for their poetry. Properly a "decadent" is a youth who follows vaguely in the trail of Paul Verlaine. Labels are plentiful in France; and sometimes it is easier to found "school" than to write anything at all. As to belonging to a "school," that is the easiest of all. You only have to say so. So the "decadent" is the grand-nephew of the "Parnassian" and cousin in the twelfth degree to the "old romantic." He is the son of the moderniste,

A grandson of the idealiste, And has a dash of the realiste. And so you can work it out for yourself. But, as some footnote ought to go with every genealogy, it may be stated that the "decadent" is a young poet who, being unable to elevate himself, is more or less resigned to stay on coath. He rather likes resigned to stay on earth. He rather likes the earth; he prides himself on liking it. And that is why he calls himself decadent. It is not necessary to have either per-sonality or originality, but it is important to use certain words and to cultivate a certain look. It is well to talk of Schopenhauer and Darwin. He adopts these names heaving they are so little known in France. because they are so little known in France As a cold fact the "decadent" does not know Schopenhauer, and he has never studied Darwin. But he proceeds tolerantly from Maxeville beer to green absinthe, and from hot "grog Americain" back to the beer again

beer again.

Afar off the "decadent" imitates the manner of Baudelaire, who got some inspira-tion from our Edgar Poe, but mixed his own dirt with it. So the "decadent" has had his despairs, his disgusts, his rancors. Yet in his ears ring golden bells, and his heart is full of bitter heroisms. These often stretch to plasphemy and the unmention able. The bitter heroism of Jean Richepin, when he was a younger man, brought him to jail.

Fell From Grace.

At that time a sub-class of the decadents, 'hirsutes" or "hairy fellows," were lifting up their voices. They took that name from Richepin, who possessed a splendid head of bristling black hair. Others called

still remains as he began-the drunken poet of the drunkards. The third of them in importance, also Maurice Bouchor, was a that time not a vegetarian, to say the least, although he has since bloomed into the mystic, hieratic poet-prophet of the mario nette theater, which attempted to revive the mysteries of Isis. And now, today, his very week, to show how causes souls to turn and squirm, this very Maurice Bouchor has written songs fo

little boys and girls. The minister of public instruction opened public competition some months ago for best words adapted to forty melodies gathered from the common people in the provinces by one of the librarians of the Conservatory of Music. These were to serve the state primary schools Maurice Bouchor won the competition! His songs are sweet and pure and pretty, on ubjects like "The Brave Men of Old," 'Sainte Genevieve" and "The Christman Reveillon." The "reveillon" is the midnight supper on Christmas eve, when children are permitted to sit up.

J'ai vu dans une armoire Certain gateau dore; Je crois que l'on va boire Un doigt de vin sucre!

("I have seen in a closet a certain gilded cake; and I believe that we shall drink a finger of sweet wine.") And then: "Our mouths are watering at the thought of goose and chestnuts"

Who They Are. So all's well that ends well. In the mids of all those who pretended, with black hair worn in a fine disorder, Maurice Bouchor had the poet in his. So had Raoul Ponchon who continues drunken, blasphemous and dirty. So had, more than all, the great Jean Richepin, whose product of today might weil pretend to the Academy were it not for all his decadent outrages and of those years in the early eighties Outside of France it is enough to bunch these people all together and call them "de cadents." But you will scarcely find ar But you will scarcely find ar actual person who will take it s young twangers of the lyre today have seen a dozen of their genus come and go in just as many years; and of their hordes there are numberless ones not yet known.
"I have read your researches," writes Gustave Guiches to an interviewer of the Echo de Paris, a morning paper which de-sired to make a list of all these song birds lately. "They move picturesquely through all the countiess esthetics of the day. It is as if I were reading over again the Temp tation of St. Anthony.' I have seen deilling pest me symbolists, instrumentists, deca-dents, naturalists and neo-realists, supernaturalists, psychologists, Parassians, megicians, positivists, Buddhists, Tolstoiz-ers and Ibsenomaniacs. I have heard flerce imprecations, oitter laughter, cries of pity, solemn anathemas, subtle analyses, absolute syntheses, proclamations eloquently improvised. Everything has been said, resaid, unsaid." "Evolution," cried Paul Bonnetain, as he took his own turn in adding to this Babel; "evolution of a tortolse wriggling on its back!" toise wriggling on its back!"
They do not dwell in harmony together.

A certain poet of hypnotic phenomena, when asked to give a frank opinion of his rivals to another of the morning dailies, said: "I cannot persuade myself to belabor the masters, to use my fingernalls on the writers of my own generation, to cleave in twain my younger brethren, nor in any way to trumpet mediocrity or what is way to trumpet mediocrity of what is of-neath mediocrity. Nay, I cannot even ut-ter my own praises." And yet it will be noticed that he got there all the same.

'Not every man can be a poet, No more than a sheep can be a goat." There must be a reason for this. Where do all these squabbling, sobbing and hair-pulling poets of the gay French capital come from? I have said that it is easier to read about them than to get to see them, though it is easier to get to see the great majority than to find their poems in the shops, where the booksellers regularly

Each year some young man who appear-Each year some young man who appeared to be like all the others shoots up into fame or notoriety, as Catulle Mendes and Jean Richepin shot up years ago, true poets. But the great majority content themselves with bock and absinthe and appeared to the content themselves with bock and absinthe and appeared to the content themselves with bock and absinthe and appeared to the content pearing in reviews. Here the true secret lies of their fertility and barrenness at once—the habit of establishing reviews.

How Their Verses Are Published. The French are, above all other peoples. lovers of literature for its own sake. It is one of the happinesses of their language

that it is at once so narrow and so cultivated that common and uneducated people speak well and write well. That is to say, they cannot help it and so they cannot help but feel the charm of style. The average French youth cannot help but have a taste for literature. And his beginning is, as it must always be, a poetry—which is easier to write than proce.

The next thing is to get his verse published. The regulation way is for half a dozen of his kind to put their cash together and bring out a new review, which never pays. But each can see himself in print. The avowed object of these reviews of "the young" is to reform literature. The little leaflets appear and disappear beneath the arcades of the Odeon Theater, where the book stalls are.

arcades of the Odeon Theater, where the book stalls are.

The poets of each review adopt a name. They recruit their ranks. They hire a hall in the Boulevard quarter, where they declaim or sing their works. Or they inaugurate a new "artistic tavern," selling beer at a good price and giving recitations of their poems free. Of all these the Chat Noir was the most celebrated, and it still exists. These poets wear tall hers of a exists. These poets wear tall hats of a peculiar shape, with broad, straight brims,

peculiar shape, with broad, straight brims, or felt hats, depending on the nature of their poetry. They wear long hair.

As soon as ever a group becomes notorious the papers take them up—the daily papers. Then a real poet is found among them. In default of this they attach themselves to some celebrity already known. And so you have the succession of "schools" which attract the amazed attention of the world. The late lamented Renan summed them up as: "Ce sont des enfants qui se sucent le pouce." (They are children sucking their thumbs). But all of them are nice, good-natured fellows, who in any other land less blessed with literature would be looked on with reverence.

New Lyric Comedy.

New Lyric Comedy.

I have for an acquaintance one of these "young" poets, and I meet him weekly. He recites his poems-weekly. But we like it. There is a charming American family in Paris, with two of the prettiest daughterstwo girls so pretty that you feel like waving the American flag each time you see them. They are both devoted to the plano, at which they are, as a German friend of at which they are, as a German friend of theirs has picturesquely put it in his strug-gling English, "highly distinguished dabs." Their music brought to their salon a young composer. The composer brought the poet. What was the joy of that artloving family when it was made known that the composer of music and the poet were working in collaboration on a "lyric comedy," but of a special type, whose like has never yet been known! It is understood that this poet is not at all a "decadent." He is a poet of psychological analysis. But he is not tainted with Ibsenism and he scorns Maeterlinck.

Their "lyric comedy" is to move your the

Their "lyric comedy" is to move upon the stage with triple unity. Spoken words are to be accompanied by the singing voice, and both are fixed to interweave themselves among the harmonies of a great orchestra. Both composer and poet smile at the affectation of those "symbolists" who sought to find a five-fold unity of words pronounced, words sung, the orchestra, and colored lights and perfumes squirted at the audi-er.ce, all going on together like a circus with five rings.

The triple unity of singing, speech and orchestration is sufficient for them. They are so young you wonder how they do it. The poet is but twenty-four, and the composer is but twenty-three. But there the fact is—they have done it. I have heard the lyric comedy a dozen times—at the piano, understand—for it has never been produced as yet in public. produced as yet in public

A Novel Point of View.

My friend is not a "symbolist," although a suspicion of symbolism might attach itself to his three-fold unity, when it is looked at by mere careless, thoughtless people. The dramatic portion of his comedy is a real tragedy, although its horror and its pathos are concealed by a set of charming pictures of sweet life and youth-

The subject is "The Youth of Don Juan"
-"And now," the poet says to me, in explanation, "you admit that Don Juan is a type?" "Why, sure." "Well, then, what does he typify? Is it not something thus them "hydropaths," because their temperament was so surcharged with heat that only ice cold baths could bring them down to normal. It was also a gentle satire on their distaste for water as a beverage; because the second in importance of the band was Raoul Ponchon.

While others grew more serious and still nicre fell away to sing no more, Raoul Ponchon has remained through years, and still remains as he began—the druphs are still remains as he began—the druphs and still female heart? Why, evidently from this emale heart? Why, evidently woman who betrayed him."
That is not symbolism. As it proceeds

you see that it is pure analysis. The sym-bolists are deep, but in another way. "Symbolism" among French youth dates from 1884, on the appearance of the "Revue In-dependante." It was in the Revue Inde-pendante that such men as Verlaine, Moreas, Mallarme and young Maurice Barres
-new the political editor of the sensational Cocarde-worked to react against the "naturalism" of Zola and others of the old

But, in accordance with its name, this Revue also published articles from Zola himself. Here literary anarchism also ploemed and many theories which were not of literature pure and simple. Th anarchism was looked on as a disease of youth; for many of these genluses were

The idea of "symbolism," which now be gan definitely to prevail, was to put more ideas into verse than the mere words would hold. Stephane Mallarme, its leader, is a very plain man, earning a precarious liveli-hood by giving lessons in English. But his nood by giving tessons in English. But his poetry is not plain. Indeed, he has won more reputation by his conversation than by his poetry. A publisher, on hearing him describe his "Afternoon of a Faun," offered him a carriage for the piece. He took it and he published it; but as an afterthough ne told the poet he had not defined the kind of carriage, so he thought it wise to buy a donkey cart, which Mallarme accepted. Another publisher heard him going on in a drawing room one day about a vase of flowers; and, on the spot, he promised him round sum to write out for his Review what he had just been saying. But when the poem came to hand it could not be

Talk, but Never Write.

The school of Mallarme has poets who have written nothing. They can sit around cafes all day. Their conversation is delightful. They know how a poem should be written; and the idea fills them with such joy they cannot spare the time to write. 'We must exalt our sentiments,"

"We must give a symbolic consecration o our impressions," replies another. "As for me," goes on a third, "whenever have an appointment to meet a pretty girl choose a church. The incense, the mystic rches heighten with a somber splendor my motions of love.

"When I think of the woman I love, oes on the first, "I see rising on the horizon of my thoughts a lily unfolding its miraculous corolla in the midst of the sa-cred silence of a lake lost in the solitude of ense forests.'

Walter, four beers! The great chief of the first "symbolists" was the curious Greek-Parislan known as Jean Moreas. He himself has lately swun off to another school, of his own founding but he was long known as a bona fide sym bolist, the "passionate pligrim." They were all passionate pligrims, and many of them still are, for symbolism flourishes today. "Passionate pilgrims!" exclaims a "symbolist-decadent," a revolter, to a re-porter of the Echo de Paris, "pilgrims with-out a pilgrimage, and passionate—oh, no! No one has ever met two of these pilgrims ipon the same route!" Yet the "passionate pilgrim" of Jean

Moreas is a volume of note. A sample of his earlier style will show his tendencies and those of all symbolism: At the Four-Roads-Crossing the Mysts Trace pentalphas,

Admire the retrograde moon! Jean Moreas drinks only rum and water, nless he has changed lately. He used to ome into the cafe at the head of the deadbroke and hard-up disciples and say to them: "Here, you young poets ought to drink coffee and milk. Paul Verlaine and

myself are the only ones permitted to drink

"Decadent" Was His War Cry. Poor Paul Verlaine, an old man among outh, and the real poet of them all, gulped his rum down until his life's end. But to Jean Moreas the rum has always been but decoration and to show originality. He admires himself in the glass, talks patronizingly of the great modern poets of France, and declares himself jealous of his country-man Pindar. Yet, it is on his shoulders that the mantle of Verlaine is said to have

In Moreas it is two-thirds symbolism and one-third rum. In Verlaine it was two-thirds rum and one-third decadentism.

Paul Verlaine wrote a few of the finest lines in all French poetry, many that are mod-erately beautiful, and many more that range from the nasty to the worthless verse of an impecunious frequenter of ca-fes who wrote for money and who wanted it quickly. It quickly.

I shall never forget the last time I heard him thundering out against the stupidity of everybody and everything in general. There he sat in a wretched little cafe of the Quartics.

tier, his glass of rum and water before

tier, his glass of rum and water before him, cursing and pounding the table with his fist and ridiculing the "cymbalists."
"But, these young writers, do they not make use of your name?" asked some one.
"Let them prove that I have any part in their parentage!" he roared. "Let them read my noems!

read my poems!
"I have had pupils," he goes on, "but they were pupils taken in revolt. Moreas is one of them. Yes, indeed, I am a bird, as Zola is an ox, and there are evil tongues which

is an ox, and there are evil tongues which say that I have formed a school of canaries. It is false. Even the symbolists, allowing for certain reserves, are birds, too. Moreas is one of them—but, no—he is more of a peacock."

"But how is it that you have accepted the

title of 'decadent,' and what do you under-stand by it?"

The great old man then lifted up his voice

the name at us as an insult. I picked it up as a war cry. But it means nothing in par-ticular that I know of. Decadent! Is not

ticular that I know of. Decadent: Is not the twilight of a glorious day worth many dawns? Decadent at bottom means just nothing at all. To fight, we want phrases!" STERLING HEILIG.

UNIVERSITY NOTES

The university opened Wednesday for

the first time after the Christmas recess.

very good attendance. Judge McComas de-

livered to lecture to the juniors and sen-

iors Wednesday, as he was unexpectedly

called from the city. The faculty for the

the following gentlemen: Judge Louis E.

Holaind, S. J., Mr. Charles A. Douglass.

Mr. George E. Hamilton, Mr. Talmadge A.

Lambert and Mr. D. W. Baker. Mr. J.

Nota McGill, register of wills, lectured to

nesday of this week, and will speak again

Monday next on the subject, "Practice Before the Orphans' Court." Next Friday

the moot court will hereafter convene

mence practice outdoors in about a month if the weather permits. There are a num-

and more in the law and medical depart-

ments.

Plans have been prepared for the new

grand stand, and it is hoped that it may be completed by March 15. Its seating capacity will be 1,500.

None of the various societies held meet-ings this week.

Examinations of all the classes in the

examinations of all the classes in the college department are now going on. Examinations in English were scheduled for Wednesday last and again Monday, while the Greek students will be examined

on the 16th.

on the 16th.

The Merrick debate, which is to be held on the 22d of February, will be on the subject, "Resolved, That It Would Be for the Interest of the United States to Establish a National University Having Control Over All Collegiate Degrees."

Catholic University.

Tuesday was the first class day after the

holiday recess. The students who left for home during the holidays have returned.

appears but once in three months. Among the other articles contained in its sixteen

pages is a narrative of the exercises in honor of the feast day of the iniversity,

the Immaculate Conception. The full text

of Dr. Kerby's sermon on that occasion follows a general article on the exercises,

and other items of interest follow.

The feast of the Immaculate Conception was observed with the usual solemnity this

year. Pontifical mass was celebrated by Cardinal Gibbons, with Very Rev. P. J. Garrigan, D.D., as assistant priest, and Rev. John S. Dunn and Maurice O'Connor

as deacon and subdeacon respectively. Rev. James J. Fox and Rev. J. F. O'Meara were

deacons of honor and Rev. Paul P. Ayl-ward and Rev. Donald J. McKinnon were

masters of ceremonies. Mgr. Conaty and

Mgr. McMahon occupied seats in the sanc-

thary, and the various professors, attired in their academic robes, were present.

Through the courtesy of the officials of the national and state bursaus of labor, 150

volumes of reports have been added to the

scelological library. Complete sets were received from some of the states, and ef-

which are incomplete, by purchase. For-eign publications of a like character which

culated among the trades unions are also being collected for the library.

Dr. Cameron, formerly of the university faculty, but now at Cornell University, spent a portion of the holidays at the uni-

Howard University.

The Christian Endeavor Society will

neet this evening and besides the discus-

tion of the regular topic, "How to Pray,"

under the direction of Mr. Thos. Fraser,

A week of prayer was observed this

week at the university, exercises, with

Profs. Moore, Fairfield, Ewell and War-

den as conductors on successive days, be-ing held Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday

and Friday.

The C. E. has organized a Bible class.

which will hereafter meet weekly, under the direction of Prof. Moore for the study

of the Bible reading and discussion.

The election of officers for the Eureka and Alpha Phi societies occurred last

Practice is indulged in by the candidates

for the base ball team when the weather permits. A schedule of games, both in

and out of town, is now being arranged by the manager and challenges are re-quested. Regular indoor practice is taken. The date for the public debate of the

Alpha Phi Society has not yet been an-

Columbian University.

The university reopened Monday with

There will be a meeting of the Law

School Debating Society this evening, at

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of

last week the American Chemical Society

net at the university. Prof. Munroe was

chosen president at the election of officer

held on the last day of the convention.

Prof. Lodge gave his first lecture Mon

day on international law, and next Wed-

course in criminal law.

The law school adjourned at 7 o'clock

Wednesday evening, and at 8 o'clock the Alumni Association held a business meet-

on 5th street, where the new law and office building is to be erected.

Memory to Blame.

"Don't ask me, Harry. You ought to

have a place for everything, and every

"I do; but I never can remember wh

"Josephine, where is my golf suit?"

esday Prof. Jeffords will commence his

which permanent officers will be chosen.

good attendance of the pupils.

paper contains eleven and advertising matter.

From Life.

The university reopened Tuesday.

leader, will elect officers.

be deemed valuable and literature cir-

forts will be made to round out

versity.

vening.

ber of candidates at the university

HIS ACTIVE CAREER

A Chat With Ex-Secretary Richard W. Thompson.

PRESIDENTS WHOM HE HAS KNOWN

Tells the Secret of Good Health and Long Life.

STORIES OF MR. LINCOLN

(Copyrighted, 1897, by Frank G. Carpenter) Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., January 4, 1898. T CAME TO TERRE Haute to have a chat with a man who saw Thomas Jefferson. who was dandled on the knees of James Madison, whose boyish head was patted by Monroe, who saw John Quincy Adams when he was in the White House, and was serving with him in Congress

The law school opened Monday with a when he dropped ead in the hall of representatives. This man was given political advice when he started out in life by Andrew Jackson. He knew Martin Van Buren. He was one of the presidential electors who put William present term, ending March 12, includes Henry Harrison in the Executive Mansion, and he refused the mission to Austria when it was offered to him by President McComas, Judge Seth Shepard, Rev. Rene Taylor. He had close associations with Fillmore. He was a friend of Franklin Pierce and he knew well James Buchanan. He served in Congress with Abraham Lincoln, the post graduates on Monday and Wedand during the latter's presidency he was his trusted friend. He knew Johnson; was a friend of Grant's, and during the presi-Mr. Hamilton will commence his lectures on common law practice. Instead of Thursdays and Saturdays, as heretofore, dency of Hayes he was the Secretary of the Navy. With the exception of George Washington and John Adams, he has asseciated with every President of the Unit-Tuesdays and Thursdays. The essays tor the Edward Thompson prize on the subject "The Merits and Demerits of the System of the trial by Jury, and How the Last May Best Be Remedied," must all be in by ed States, so that today he forms, as it were, a bridge between the past and the present.

May Best Be Remedied," must all be in by the end of February.

The following are candidates for positions on the relay team which is to represent Georgetown at the athletic meet of the Boston College, to be held at Boston: Wefers, Walsh, Maloney, Dessez, Collins, McInery, Devereaux, Cody, Fleming and Owens.

The base ball team is expected to commence practice outdoors in about a month The man I refer to is Mr. Richard W. Thompson of Indiana. He is now eightyeight years of age, but his intellectual



R. W. Thompson at Eighty-Eight.

pearance last week, announcing that hereafter it will contain all the general items of local interest, while all such matters will be eliminated from the Bulletin, which appears but once in three months. Among faculties are as bright as they were when the chief signs of his age are in his silvery hair and the slightly feeble way in which he moves about from place to place. His voice was strong as he chatted with me and as I looked at him I could not realize that he had lived more than twice as long as I upon this earth, and I asked him the secret of his wonderful vitality. Mr. Thompson and I asked him the secret replied:

How to Grow Old.

"I suppose the secret of my good health is largely due to temperance in eating and drinking. I drink very little, and I never eat anything that does not agree with me. was born, you know, in Culpeper, Va., and when I was approaching manhood the decided that I would die of consumption. They said my only salvation was to keep out of doors, and my father made me take a horse and tour over the mountains to Kentucky. I did this, and spent the greater part of two years on horseback, coming home with much more flesh than when I started, and in excellent I don't think the doctors knew what they were talking about, but I have no doubt the horseback riding did me good."
"I see that you use tobacco, Mr. Thompson," said I, as I pointed to the cigar which he was smoking.

"Yes; I have smoked all my life, and most of the time to excess. Not long ago I became subject to a sort of fits, and the doctors told me that it was due to nicotine poison. They said I was otherwise perfectly healthy, but that my system was saturated with nicotine. I then proposed to stop my smoking, but the doctors advised me to reduce my limit to four cigars a day. I have done this, and am now free from any bad tendencies of any kind."

A Healthy Old Man's Habits. "Tell me something about your habits,

colonel." "I don't knew that I have any," was the reply. "While I was Secretary of the Navy at Washington I did not touch a glass of wine and do not now. I take about claim, I think there may be a great big three teaspoonfuls of whisky a day by my doctor's advice. My best meal is my breakfast, and I enjoy good beefsteak and eat plenty of it. I drink one cup of coffee at this time." "How about cakes?"
"I like cakes and wafiles, and I ea

"How about the other meals?" "I don't care much for them. I eat only plain food and very little of it."
"Do you take much sleep?"
"Yes; I have always slept a great deal

and I sleep late now. When I was in Washington I had to be up as late as 1 or 2 o'clock every night, but I usually remained in bed until late in the morning.

"Do you believe in cold baths?"
"No, I think one should bathe simply to keep clean. This I do. One thing has done more for my health than anything else is the use of a pair of horse-hair mit tens. With these I rub my skin until ... glows from crown to sole night and morning. This keeps it in excellent condition. done this for more than forty every night and every morning, and I doubt not it has saved me from ill-health. My skin is now as soft and rosy as that of a baby. I perspire easily and the rubbing keeps the pores of the skin open. The pores of the skin are, you know, the sewers of the human system, and I keep my taou

ring and social reunion.

The January number of the Columbian Call made its appearance Wednesday. The cover page was embellished with a reproduction of a photograph of the officers of the post-graduate class. Altogether the paper contains eleven pages of reading and advertising matter. and advertising matter.

The Enosinian Society met last evening to discuss the question: "Resolved, That there was a corrupt bargain between Henry Clay and John Q. Adams."

All the tenants have moved, in accordance with notice, out of the old building on bith street where the control of the old building. that I had the need of all my faculties and that I could not afford to impair them by the use of wine. As to Mrs. Hayes, she insisted that no wine should be used at our cabinet and at her private dinners. She did not do so at the state dinners given at the White House to the diplomats. She refused to serve wine at the dinner given to the Grand Duk: Alexis, although Secretary Evarts asked her to do so. The om. ssion Evarts asked her to do so. The om. ssion from President Jackson himself, Andrew Jackson Donelson and others which show this to be the fact." gave in to the State Department thereafter on the basis that the diplomatic dinners

were national matters and not a private entertainment over which she had control."
"Mrs. Hayes, however, was a very strong-minded woman, was she not? You know it was charged by some that it was she and not her husband who ran the government during the Hayes administration?"
"That is not true," replied ex-Secretary Thompson. "Mrs. Hayes was a woman of strong character. She was a lovable woman in every respect, but not an ambitious one in the way some people thought. I don't think she bothered herself at all about the policy of the administration. She liked the social position which came with about the policy of the administration. She liked the social position which came with the presidency. She was fond of being the lady of the White House. She was arways present after each cabinet meeting to shake hands with us as we came out of the room, and she seemed to delight in seeing people and making them happy. At one time. I remember, we considered the advisability of moving the business offices of the White House to the State, War and Navy building, but Mrs. Hayes objected to this, saying she would not then be able to see so much of the cabinet and of the public men whom she so delighted to meet."

Stories of Lincoln.

Stories of Lincoln.

"When did you first meet Lincoln?" I

"Lincoln and I grew up together about the same time," replied Cel. Thomp 'He was on one side of the Wabash river, in Illinois, and I was on the other side, in Indiana. We had known about each other for years before we came together. I knew, of course, of his election, and when at the first of the session I saw a tall, ungainly man coming across the hall of the House of Representatives, with a smile on his face, I knew that it must be he. He apparently

knew me in the same way, for as he reached me he held out his hand, saying: "How are you, Dick." I replied, as I took it, and then began a friendship which lasted until Lincoln died. ed until Lincoln died.

"I was very fond of Lincoln," Mr. Tompson went on. "We were much together during his first term in Congress, and I believe he made his first entrance into fashionable society with me. A most accomplished lady from Virginia, a friend of mine, gave a reception early in the season. About fifty distinguished men were invited, but Lincoln was not among the

invited, but Lincoln was not among the number. I concluded he should go and I went to my friend and told her that I wanted an invitation for him, as I was anxious that she should meet him. She gave me the invitation, I remember how Lincoln looked as he sat among the com pany that night. He was, you know, tall, angular and awkward. Some time after his presentation be became engaged in conversation with my lady friend, taking a seat on a very low rocking chair at her feet. As he grew interested in talking he kept edging closer and closer to his hostess. He was so low that his knees almost came to his chin, and to get rid of his legs he wrapped them one around the other. As he grew more interested he came so close that his knees touched the lady's dress, and as I looked I thought he must finally end in her lap. The next day I met my lady friend and asked her what she thought of Lincoln. She replied at once: That man has elements of greatness in him. Of all those at my house last feet. As he grew interested in talking he in him. Of all those at my house last night I think he has the best chance of be-ing President of the United States. This was about ten years before he was thought of as a presidential candidate."

President Lincoln and the Boston Man The conversation here turned to Lincoln as a story teller, when Mr. Thompson

"President Lincoln did not originate the best of his stories. He had a very receptive memory and stored away every anecdote he heard. His mind was such that he was able to use such things in the way of illustration. His favorite way of conveying an idea was by a story. For instance, take an incident which occurred one night when I was at the White House, I had been spending the evening there with President Lincoln I was lying on my back upon a lounge. Lincoln was sitting in a chair with his feet propped up beside me. We had chatted for an hour or so, when the clock struck half-past ten. I then got up and said that I must go home. I told the President that he must be tired and that he ought to go to bed and get the rest which he needed to fortify him for the worries and troubles of the morrow.
"'No,' replied President Lincoln,

go yet. Stay a half hour longer. I have an appointment at eleven o'clock with a man from Bosten, who has a claim of something like \$200,000 against the government, I have told him he could bring his papers here at eleven, and he will surely call on the minute.

"'All right,' said I. 'I will stay.' "Well, the man was announced as the clock struck eleven. As he came in Presi-dent Lincoln took his papers and said; 'I can't look over this matter now, but if you

will leave the papers I will attend to it as soon as I can find time. "There were a number of parties opposing the claim, and I could see that the man wanted to get some idea as to what his chances were before he left. He volunteered a question, hoping to draw the President out. Lincoln appreciated his feeling and told the following:

'You make me think of a lawyer out in Illinois who wanted to turn merchant. He had not succeeded at the law, and he decided to close his office and open a sto He wrote to New York for a stock goods and offered his fellow-attorneys as references. The wholesale house wrote to one of these as to the responsibility of the would-be storekeeper, whom we will call Tom Jones. The reply which was received was about as follows:
"I think Tom Jones is good. I know he

is rich. His assets, I should say, amount to at least \$200,000. He has, in the first to at least \$200,000. He has, in the first place, a wife, a beautiful, dark-haired brunette, who is worth to him or to any man \$100,000. I am sure he would not sell ber for that. I know I should not if she belonged to me. He has also two children, a boy and a girl. The boy is perfectly sound. He is eleven years old, and is bright, energetic and smart. I don't think he could be bought at any price. I know Jones would not sell him for \$50,000. I think that \$49,950 would be a low estimate for the girl, as she has the making of a for the girl, as she has the making of a good woman in her. In addition to these items, Jenes has a table in his office worth \$2, two chairs worth 50 cents each, an inkstand worth 15 cents and a double-bladed Barlow knife, which I put at a dime, and, besides, there is in his office a great big rat hole, which is worth looking into. And so," concluded the President, "although I don't know much about your into, and I will look into it." The man laughed and went away well pleased. "You knew John Quincy Adams quite well, did you not, Mr. Thompson?" "Yes: I sat beside him in the House of Representatives for several years. He a pleasant man, but a very dignified one.

Life was a serious matter with him, and he spent little time in frivolity. Still, he was kind and gentle and fond of children." Advice to a Young Politician. The conversation here turned to Jackson, and Col. Thompson described for me his inauguration in 1829, speaking of the solemnity with which he kissed the Bible and giving a vivid picture of the scene. Said

"I was nineteen years old at that time and I came to see the inauguration with my father. Father was a strong Jackson men, and he had a personal acquaintance with the President. I did not agree with father as to his political sentiments, and I told him that I should never vote for a man like Jackson. A day or so after the irauguration father took me with him and went to call upon the President. He and Jackson chatted together for some time, and then, just as he was about to leave,

of the human system, and I keep my Liousands of sewers always open."

"You speak of not using wine at Washington, Colonel Thompson. Mrs. Hayes, I believe, set the example to the capital by not using wine on her table at her state dinners?"

Wine at the White House.

"Yes, that was the case," replied the ex-Secretary of the Navy. "But my use of wine at Washington was not confined to the period while I was in the cabinet. I never drank a glass during all my public service, in Congress and elsewhere. I felt that I had the need of all my faculties and that I could not afford to impair them by the use of wine. As to Mrs. Hayes, she insisted that no wine should be used at our cabinet and at her private dinners, she insisted that no wine should be used at our cabinet and at her private dinners. She refused to serve wine at the dinner given to the Grand Duk; Alexis, although Secritary. Jackson Donelson and others which show this to be the fact."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.